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TWISTED TALES™

NO. 2



VARIOUS









WORLD FAMOUS
MASTER
CHIEF
JOSEPH
AT
BERNE'S BAR

CHILI-KING



BICKMAN!
OUT OF TOWN!

WOW! DURING
JE-BUZZ!

KA RUMCH!

AND HE WOULD
ENOUGH! ANYMORE
OF HERE! YOU BAST!

JOCK THOAT OFFER
PAGES UP BOMB PUMPKIN
HE GOT DOWN AT THE TURTLE
BOMBING BOMB BOMB!

CRAP! I
WOULD! BOMBING
BETTER! BOMB! BOMB!
BOMBING! BOMBING!
FULL O' BOMB!

WASH
BOMB! AND
ABOUT IT!

NIGHTWATCH

LT. HADDER, OVERHEARD WITH A RUTTERING OF EYES AND A SHUFFLED OF SHOES, HE STRETCHED LAMENGLY, SMOOTHERING OUT THE CRICKLES, AND FURLED UP ON ONE ELBOW, ALONE WITH THE FIRST STARS ARE THINKING FORTH IN THE WIDE DESERT AND HADDER CAN FEEL THE SAND AROUND HIM BEGINNING TO COOL. PARDY, IN DAILY BATTLE WITH THE SUN.

HE SETS UP, KNOCKING AT THE FITCH IN HIS BACK. IT SEEMS LIKE HE WAGGED UP STUTTER EVERY NIGHT IN THE CRAMPED PORCHES, NOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN HERE? NOW LONG HAD IT BEEN SINCE THE FIRST ALBY BOMBS FELL AND ON LIGATION CRACKED IN HORROR AND THE GREEN HUNG CLASHED, LEAVING RUPTURES AND WOUNDS AND MARCHING DEBATS AMMUNITION MONTRE, MARCH YEARS HADDER COULDN'T REMEMBER, IT SEEMED LIKE THATO BARKING IN THE DOOR, FOREVER...

QUICKBART: YOU LEFT

YEAH, IS IT SUNDOWN?

IT IS. LET'S MOVE THE CHILDREN

WHEEL, GOODMAN, THIRST, ROTHSTEIN, LET'S GO

ARE WE OUTSIDE AGAIN?

WE ARE, MAKE IT

OH, LORD, I WAS DREAMING THAT WE WERE INSIDE THE CASTLE ALL THIS AND CLEARED UP

WAKE NOW BUT, WHEEL, YOU TOO, GOODMAN, WE'VE GOT A TIGHT TURN AHEAD

Story: BRUCE JONES
Colors: KEN STEACY

Art: KEN STEACY

SERGEANT BRIGGS: JONES HACKER'S
SILENT STRETCHING AND YAWNING AGAINST
THE NIGHT SKY...

LOOK AT THEM, SOLDIERMAKERS!
GREEN AS JAPANESE, REMEMBER
WHEN YOU NEED THAT TONGUE!

YOU WANT MY OPINION, SGT?
I DON'T THINK THEY HAVE 'EM
LIKE THEY USED TO. LOOK AT
THAT BROWN BLASPHEMIST, HE'D
SHOOT ME TWO IN A TIGHT
CORRIDOR.

ROUNDER

ALL RIGHT, DRESS IT UP,
ROTTERTON, GET THE LEAD
OUT! BOUND OFF!

INSTAURANT!

A SANDY-HAIRED ESCORT HURSTLES
FORWARD WITH GAWDY STRODS AND
CLANGING CARTWHEELS...

WHERE THE HELL DO
YOU COME FROM?

SURE?

WHAT IS YOURSELF
WATERPOON AND WHILE
YOU HERE AROUND?

DON'T BORN
COMFORT DETERMINE
ESPERANT?

HELL...

WITHOUT SEE
BULL!

HELL, NOT
BROTHER SIRE

ALL RIGHT, GET
BACK IN LINE

WELL, LOWER YOUR TONGUE
SHOOTY, LOOK AT THAT
COUNTRYMAN, ALL FORWARDED
AND SHINY!

DON'T GREET IT
PRESIDENT, IT'S GET
PRETTY GOOD ENOUGH!
ALL RIGHT,
LET'S GO! WE GOT
FIVE HUNDRED TO THREE
THE CASTLE BEFORE THE
TOWN INTO THE MEAT!
NONE OUT!

IT'S A LONG WALK!

—WALKS OVER UNDER
BY THE SHIPING
UNTRACTABLE BAND
REAGENTS THEIR
ROCKS, UP ONE DUNE
DOWN THE NEXT. THE
FIRM COMPLAINS THEY
ALWAYS DO. FEELS
GAWDY UNDERFOOT
VIETNAM CAN
HARDLY KEEP UP.



BARBARA WATCHES WITH THE REST OF THEIR MOUNTY LITTLE ARMY...

LOVE CLIVE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WENT UP THIS PATHETIC SPEECH?



WELL SO NOW WE'VE GOT GREEN?

AND CLIVE?



WELL WHAT? MISS THE MOUNTY THE OCEAN?

I SUPPOSE BECAUSE HE COULDN'T FIND ANY OLD SHIRT IT'S THE PLASTIC ONE, JIM.

OH, THATS RIGHT! NOW JOHN HE'S BEEN DEAD UP TO THE BEACH CURRENT THAT SHIT ARE, THEIR BROWNS ARE FLOWING IN THE...

WELL YOU LIKE THE MOUNTY THREAT?



I AM, BECAUSE THE SAME OLD FORD SO LONG, IT'S BELOVED IS.

IT'S LOVELY BUTTER HE USUALLY BEHIND UP THERE AROUND NOW, GET YOUR SHIRT ON.



SIX HOURS LATER THE FIRST CUT INTO THEM.



TERMINATION!

IT'S A BIG GREY WITH A TAIL A BLACK LONG AND A CHIN FULL OF SIX-FOOT CANINES BURNING WHITE IN THE PRODUCE. IT SETS SOMETHING BEFORE HE RAGES AWAY AT HIM.

LET IT GO, LOW AND FLY!

THEY PUMP EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT INTO THE BAT, BUT THEN A BIG ONE, A REAL BARGAIN, RATES AND BEHOLD THEY CAN SCORE HEAD OFF SOMETHING LIKE A BIG BIRD, THE LITTLE BIRD.



AS ALWAYS ARE TALKING.





ARCHER KNOWS BRACK! HA!

BRACK!
SONA!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE.
BUT I CAN'T STAND IT EVERY NIGHT
THE BAYES THING. TRUDOR FOR THE
CASTLE. TRUDOR FOR THE CASTLE.
TRUDOR FOR THE CASTLE!
WHAT FOR? WHAT FOR?

DOES IT
HURT BACK?



HURRY! HURRY! OF COURSE NOT!
THERE'S NO PLAN! THERE'S NO PLAN!
BUT WHY? WHY? YOU WOULD BE ASKING!
YOU WOULD BE ASKING! BUT
THERE'S NO PLAN! WHY? WHY? WHY?
NOT IN YOUR HAND! THIS TRUDOR!
AND TRUDOR! WHEN I HAVE OF
I'LL HAVE A BRAND NEW LEE SPECK
ON A PLACE OF THE ONE I LOSE!
OH, IT MAY NOT FIT BRACK, BUT
I'LL KEEP THE TRUDOR! TRUDOR
ALWAYS TRUDOR! TO THE DAWN
DARK! NIGHT NIGHT!



IT'S THE ONLY PROTECTION
WE HAVE AGAINST THE
BAYES. AHA!

YEAH,
YEAH...

SOMETIMES I
THINK OLD LEE ACTS
LIKE A TEN-YEAR-OLD
KID!

IN MINUTES THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY
ONCE MORE!

THE BAYES RIGHT CLIVE THE BAYES
THING OVER AND OVER. WHY DON'T
NOT JUST LEAVE US IN THE CASTLE?
AT LEAST AT NIGHT!



HE DOES THE BEST HE CAN.
BUT HE'S GOT A LOT ON HIS
MIND. PARSE... PARSE... HE'S
TRYING US... SEEING IF OLD
SOLDIER BEATHE AS
WELL AS THE NEW.

AND THEY BOTH LAUGH
OUT LOUD...





TWO MORE BATS HIT THEM
BRICKS. THEY WERE SHOT
BARELY INSIDE THE CASTLE
WALLS. ANOTHER IS
GOTTEN IN HAND.

THEY LEFT THE YOUNG PRINCE
ALONE AND WROTE HIM A
AMOUNT OF TROUBLE. HE WAS
CALLED AROUND THE WALL.



IT IS METEORIC COLLAPSE
BODY THAT ALLOWED THEM TO
WALK THE CASTLE.



THE AIR INSIDE THE LITTLE
CASTLE WAS BURNING AND THE
BRIGHT BLUE SUN BEARS
DOWN UPON IT.



—BARRY
A THING...

IT IS FULFILLING WISDOM AND
DISGUSTING. I'D DOWN IN THE
DARK. HAND AND FEEL A
DARK, SLEEPY SPEAKING OVER
THEIR.

EVER NOTICE HOW THEY
ATTACK THE NEW BUNG THEM?
CLIFFT THINK THEY LIKE THE
TASTE OF THE NEW
AND A BETTER?

DEATH YES, NO
TO SLEEP. YES.

CLIFFT

YES?

THINK HE
WAS GOING
DOWN?

I HOPE
SO.

IT'S WISDOM AT THE STAFFS
A NEW LIFE.

SOMEONE'S
SOMETHING I THINK
HE WANTS ALL
ABOUT US OUT
HERE.

NO ONE IN
QUARTER WAS
TOLD YES.

YOU THINK
HE CLIFFT?

CLIFFT



ULLA-JEAN KINCAID STRAWLED SEDUCTIVELY ON HER PARENTS' LUPPIN' THREAD-BARE SOFA. EVEN HAIR FLOWING LIKE A DARK WATERFALL ABOUT HER RUM, ALABASTER SHOULDERS, SHE STRETCHED ONE LONG, PERFECTLY-SHAPED LEG TOWARD THE WORK-ARAY LIVING ROOM CARPET AND PLUCKED ASSENTLY AT A PIECE OF LOOSE THREADING WITH HER BARE FOOT. SHE SIGHED LOULY, STRETCHED, ARCHED HER BUM BACK UNTIL THE THIN SCRAP OF MATERIAL THAT PASSED FOR A SLING STRAILED PRECARIOUSLY AGAINST HER SWELLING ADOLESCENT BOMBS. ULLA-JEAN! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST DESIRABLE YOUNG WOMAN IN ALL OF HOLLOER COUNTY. ALL THE LOCAL BUCKS WERE YEARNING TO GET TO HER, AND NOW, AS HER PARENTS HAD JUST DISCOVERED, ONE OF THEM, AT LEAST, APPARENTLY HAD...



INFANT TERRIBLE

PREGNANT! PREGNANT!
PREGNANT! JESUS, ARE YA DRAFT?
I AIN'T EXACTLY THRILLED ABOUT
IT MYSELF!



Story: BRUCE JONES Art: VAL MAYERICK
Colors: STEVE CLIFF





I CERTAINLY HOPE THAT CUT HEALS BEFORE THE WEDDING. GUA-DEAN, YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WITH THOSE LONG BOARDS...

YEAH...I SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL...



IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? DOES HE STILL WANT TO MARRY YOU? IS THE WEDDING STILL ON?

YEAH, YEAH, IT'S ON... NOW I GO TO BED NOW!

NOT A CHANCE!



WHERE WE GOING TO?

TO BOOBY BRONCHES SHACK TO GET SO OF THAT KID!



BUT COULDN'T WE JUST GO TO DOC RAMSEY AND-YOU KNOW...

YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT IN A TOWN THIS REET NO WAY WOMAN! NEVER GON' WHERE DECENT FOLK DON'T ANGER! SO, WHERE A SECRET REMAINS A SECRET-- WHEN THE PRICE IS RIGHT!



MR. I'M SCARED!

BOOBY, YOU'LL THINK TWICE HERE NEXT TIME!



ARE, BOOBY CAN DO IT.. HEH-HEH!

GIVE HER THE MONEY, MA!

MR. I'M SCARED!



BUT WHY NOT LET HER STAY HERE, HAVE THE CHILD WITH HER! I'LL LOOK AFTER IT! I...I'D LIKE A CHILD! HEH-HEH!

WELL, I WOULDN'T! NOW CAN YOU GET SO OF IT OR NOT? IT STANDS IN HERE!



THAT'S IT,
DRINK IT ALL,
CHILD...HETREH!

...HETREH!



...HETREH!

...HETREH!



...HETREH!

MY, YES
DAUGHTER WILL
SHOW UP FROM
A BOMB, THEN
BE FREE...

...HETREH!



WAIT...

I
FEEL
SICK...

WANT
NOTHING?
I WON'T
TAKE IT, NO
CHANGES
WITH AN
OLD WITCH
LIKE
YOU!

YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER IN A
FEW MONTHS
WHEN YOU
GET IN THE
BACK OF A NEW
ROLLS ROYCE
OF THIS COUNTRY!



LOOKA DAT!
IT AIN'T GOT
NO SCALES!

WHAD YA
WANT? I
WANT ALL
DA BARK
THAT MILLER
SPEND INTO
DA BARKYR. WE
LUCKY ANYMORE
COMIN' OUTTA
HERE LOOKS
NORMAL!



...HETREH!



...HETREH!







SPEED DEMONS

ME? I'D BEEN DRIVIN' A HACK FOR MOST OF MY LIFE. DID I LIKE IT? WELL, I ALSO SHOVELED WET CEMENT WHEN I WAS A KID, AND SOLD ENCYCLOPEDIAS AND I SURE AS HELL LIKED IT BETTER THAN *THAT!*

A CABBY'S HIS OWN MAN, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? HE DOES HIS JOB WELL, HE EARNS A DECENT LIVIN'. HE DON'T, HE DON'T. SIMPLE AS THAT.

SOME DAYS IS BOTTLENECKS AND SKIMPY TIPPERS. SOME DAYS IS SMOOTH SATIN... LIKE ANYTHIN' ELSE IN LIFE.

AND SOME DAYS, LIKE LAST WEDNESDAY, IS *DIFFERENT* ALTOGETHER...

Rand Holmes

I SEEN THESE TWO KIDS ON THE CORNER OF TWELFTH AND DELANCEY. GIRL WAS SKINNY AND BLONDE AND WASTED-LOOKIN'. STONED PROBABLY LIKE ALL THESE KIDS NOWADAYS. THE GUY WAVES ME OVER...



SKIMPY BRUCE JONES AND RAND HOLMES
COLORS BY STEVE CLIFF

I DON'T GENERALLY LIKE TAKIN' ON DOPEHEADS, BUT IT HAD BEEN A SLOW EVENIN'. I PULLED TO THE CURB AND HOPED THEY WERE RICHER THAN THEY LOOKED.



THEY DIDN'T SAY A WORD UNTIL THEY'D SLID INTO THE BACK SEAT. THEN THE GUY LEANED TOWARD THE FRONT...



I PULLED DOWN THE RED LEVER AND EASED FROM THE CURB...



NO ANSWER. I GLANCED AT THE REARVIEW. THE BACK SEAT LOOKED EMPTY...



I GOTTA HAVE A DESTINATION, BUDDY...



DAMN KIDS... WHY CAN'T THEY GO NECK IN THE BACK OF A THEATER LIKE WE USED TO?



WE AIN'T TEN SECONDS INTO TRAFFIC WHEN I STARTED HEARIN' THE NOISES IN THE BACK...



I HEADED DOWN McDUGGAL STREET, HOPIN' THIS WOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG...

MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS YOU TO GO FASTER...

THERE'S A SPEED LIMIT BUDDY!



SOMETHIN' HIT THE SEAT BESIDE ME. I GLANCED OVER. THE BILL WAS WRINKLED AND FOLDED...



...BUT I RECOGNIZED ENOUGH OF FRANKLIN'S FACE TO MAKE ME EASE DOWN ON THE PEDAL...



THE LITTLE RED DASH NEEDLE NOSED UP...



...WHILE I NOSED THE BACK TOWARD STIFIC AVENUE WHERE THE TRAFFIC WAS LIGHTER...



THEN THE LITTLE-GIRL WHINE STARTED IN AGAIN...

...YES!...
...FASTER!...



MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS YOU TO GO FASTER. LOOK BUDDY, I'M GOIN' OVER FORTY! THIS TOWN IS CRACKIN' WITH CASSY-HATIN' COPS!





I STEPPED HER UP TO
FORTY-FIVE, CURSING
SOFTLY UNDER MY
BREATH...



WE WHIZZED PAST AN OLD MAN ON
CRUTCHES AND CAUGHT THE FAST
LANE NEXT TO THE RIVER ...





MY HANDS WERE WELDED
TO THE WHEEL, MY FOOT
FLAT AGAINST THE FLOOR.



THAT'S ALL! THAT'S TOP-END!
WE'RE DOIN' *SEVENTY*!

...YES...YES...YES!
THAT'S IT!...



THAT'S
ALMOST
IT!

IT'S TOO DARK OUT HERE!
I GOTTA SLOW DOWN!

NO! HOLD IT
AT SEVENTY!

JUST ANOTHER
MINUTE!
HOLD IT!



OH
*SWEET
JESUS!*



NO
THROUGH
ROAD



YES! YES
YOU DID IT!



NO RAIN...THAT WAS THE INCREDIBLE PART, NO RAIN AT ALL. JUST THE NIGHT SKY, THE STARS, THE SMOOKING TWISTED WRECKAGE AROUND ME AND THE CERTAINTY I WAS DYIN'...



MY NECK WOULDN'T MOVE...BUT MY EYES DID... I CAUGHT A LOOK AT MY REFLECTION IN THE DANGLING REAR-VIEW MIRROR...IT WASN'T PRETTY



THEN I SAW THEM...THE TWO PALE SKINNY KIDS STANDING THERE LOOKIN' DOWN AT ME...AND NOT A MARK ON 'EM...



YER DYIN' RISTER...

BUT MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU DID REAL GOOD... IT WAS REAL NICE...MY GIRLFRIEND WANTS ME TO THANK YOU.



THEY TURNED THEN, WALKED UP THE RAVINE TO THE ROAD WHERE ANOTHER CAR'S HEADLIGHTS WERE JUST ROUNDING THE CORNER TOWARD TOWN...



EVERYTHING STARTED GOIN' DARK THEN... BUT NOT BEFORE I SAW THAT IT WAS ANOTHER YELLOW CAB THEY WERE FLAGGIN' DOWN...



...NOT BEFORE I HEARD THEM SPEAK...

WHERE TO KIDS?

MY GIRLFRIEND LIKES IT FAST...

